

THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man.—Thomas Jefferson.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. WEBB.

Volume IV.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1840.

Number 4.

OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT,
OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, MAIN-ST.

TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CLERICAL DANCING MASTER.

The following anecdote of Edward Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, is told in the last number of the London Metropolitan Magazine:

When Young left the university he was a master of arts, and brought away with him a vast stock of Greek and Latin. But the fire of a fine imagination was not extinguished under the heavier acquisition of his scholastic pursuits; its vital force and enthusiasm had survived, and when he began the world, his heart was new and peculiarly susceptible to each impression. Thus constituted, a person will not go far without meeting Love in his road; and Young soon discovered it in the charming smile and piquant grace of Anna Rowley, to whom he offered a timid homage, which was accepted without hesitation. The society in which his fair one moved, necessarily became the centre of his universe, and the ladies that composed it, possessed in him a most devoted and assiduous cavalier.

One fine summer evening he escorted them to the river side, not then so thickly built upon as now. It was the middle of summer, and the hour was that delightful one when the wings of the breeze bring coolness with them to refresh all nature, which was languid and exhausted by the heat of one of those oppressive days which ever and anon give us a taste of the torrid hours of a torrid climate. Bustle and activity prevailed around; the river was instinct with life and motion, and a thousand boats, gallantly equipped and manned, furrowed its broad bosom; a thousand confused sounds floated in the air; and the John Bull of the olden time seemed to be in the full enjoyment of his proverbial merriment—that picturesque John Bull of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, in cocked hat and laced cravat, embroidered and brightly colored coat, knee breeches, and high quartered shoes.

Young enjoyed the scene with a poet's eye, and found ample materials for the indulgence of his satirical, when one of the ladies proposed that they should all go to Vauxhall, as it was a public night. The proposition was received with acclamation, and a wherry was soon freighted with the joyous company. By way of amusing his fair friends, Young drew from his pocket a flute, on which he excelled, and his notes were so perfect that a crowd of boats soon gathered around; among others was one filled with young officers, which pulled hastily up, and took a station alongside that of the musician. As Young only played for the gratification of his company and himself he did not choose to be made a public spectacle; so he soon ceased, and returned his flute into his case. One of the officers took offence at this; and, thinking that his game was sure with a young man in a clergyman's dress, and whose aspect was anything but martial, he ordered the player to produce his flute and begin anew. Young shrugged his shoulders at this piece of impertinence, but took no further notice of it; it was followed by threats and curses, which had no greater effect upon the person against whom they were directed. The

officer, who was very angry that his orders were disobeyed, and his menaces despised, directed his frowns to close with the boat of the refractory musician, and swore he would fling him into the Thames unless he immediately began playing. The alarm of the ladies was intense, and seeing that the soldier was about putting his threat into execution, they entreated Young to yield to the exigency; but the indignant flutist still resisted.

Edward exclaimed a soft voice at his side, 'will you do nothing to oblige me?'

'Do you wish me, Anna, to submit to the degrading insolence of such a brute?'

'Yes, I do; beg it, if you have any regard for me.'

Young drew out his flute without another word, and played several gay airs, whilst the triumphant soldier beat time with ostentation, applauded vehemently, and looked round as if to impress upon the auditors the idea of his irresistible importance.

The company soon after reached Vauxhall, where the parties separated. But although Young's exterior was calm, he felt a deep resentment for the insult to which he had been subjected in his mistress's presence. Her accents had soothed his wrath, but it could not extinguish the desire of vengeance, and of making his oppressor ridiculous in his turn; so he determined not to lose sight of the aggressor, and to take the first opportunity, when he was alone, of speaking to him. All occasion soon offered, when he coolly addressed him—

'Sir,' said he, 'you have got an awkward habit of speaking too loudly.'

'Ah!' rejoined the other, 'that's because I make a point of being obeyed at the first word.'

'But that depends upon your hearers; and I have a different opinion.'

'Have you? and yet it seems that just now—'

'O, but you must know why I submitted to your rudeness.'

'Well, what is your wish now, sir?'

'To give you to understand that if I produced my flute, it was not to gratify you, but solely to oblige the ladies under my escort, and who were frightened at your long sword and loud oaths; but they are not here now;—so—'

'You know this is a challenge, and your cloth—'

'Why should I? You have affronted me, and owe me satisfaction.'

The soldier smiled disdainfully as he said—'As you please, sir; you shall be satisfied. Where and in what place shall it be?'

'To-morrow, at day break, in Battersea fields without seconds, as the affair only concerns you and me, and my profession compels me to have some regard to the proprieties of society.'

'Be it so; what are you arms?'

'The sword,' replied the juvenile member of the church militant.

The condition being thus arranged, the young men joined their respective parties.

On the following morning they were both punctual to their appointment. The officer had drawn his rapier when Young produced a large horse pistol from beneath his cloak, and took a steady aim at his antagonist.

'What do you mean?' asked the astonished soldier; 'have you brought weapons to assassinate me?'

'Perhaps; but that will depend upon yourself. Last night I played upon the flute this morning it is your turn to dance.'

'I would die first, you have taken an unworthy advantage of this stratagem.'

'As you did yesterday of the ladies' presence; but come, captain, you must begin your minuet.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind, sir; your conduct is most ungentlemanly.'

'No strong language here, captain; dance at once, or I will fire.'

These words, which were uttered with much earnestness, and accompanied with

a corresponding gesture produced the effect desired. The officer, finding himself in a retired place, and at the mercy of a man whom he had grievously offended, and who seemed determined to exact reparation after his own fashion, did as he was desired and stepped through the figure of a minuet, while Young whistled a slow and appropriate measure.

When it was finished Young said—

'Sir, you have danced remarkably well; much better in its way, than my flute-playing. We are now even; so if you wish, we will begin another dance, in which I will be your vis a vis.' Saying which, he drew his sword.

But the dancer very justly thought he had received a proper lesson, and more favorably appreciating the man he had so wantonly insulted, thought it would be better to have him for a friend than an enemy—He therefore held out his hand to Young who shook it cordially; and in perfect harmony, and arm-in-arm, they quitted the spot which might have been fatal to one of them, but had, fortunately, only served to give and take a lesson in dancing.

CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

'Now my dear,' said Mrs. Woodsum faintly to her husband, 'the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and have but a short time to stay with you. But I hope we shall be resigned to the will of Heaven. Those things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best—and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now don't you think, my dear, she continued with increasing tenderness, 'don't you think it would be best for you to get married again to some kind, good woman that would be a mother to our dear little ones and make your home pleasant for all of you?'

She paused and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

'Well I have sometimes thought of late, it might be best,' said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

'Then you have been thinking about it,' said Mr. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

'Why yes,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'I have sometimes thought about it, since you have had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadful to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty.'

'Well I think it would,' said Mrs. Woodsum, 'if you can only get the right sort of a person. Every thing depends upon that my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very.'

'I certainly shall,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'don't give yourself any uneasiness, about that my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world.'

'But have you been thinking about any one in particular, my dear,' said Mrs. Woodsum.

'There is one, that I have thought of for a long time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us.'

'And pray Mr. Woodsum who can it be?' said the wife, with an expression, a little more of earth than heaven returning to her eye. 'Who is it Mr. Woodsum?—You have not named it to her have you?'

'Oh by no means,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'but dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much.'

'But Mr. Woodsum you must tell me who it is, I can never die in peace till you do.'

'It is a subject too painful to talk about,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names.'

'But I insist upon it,' said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness, and leaning upon her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face.

'Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!'

'Well, then,' said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, 'if you insist upon it, my dear—I have thought that if it should be the will of

Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry for my second wife Hannah Lovejoy.'

'An earthly fire at once flashed upon Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

'What!' she exclaimed in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation, 'what marry that sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that nor I won't! Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother of my children! Not that's what never shall be. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart, Susan, she continued, turning to one of the girls, 'make us more fire under that dinner pot!'

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife prepared to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterwards visited by the terrible affliction of the hypochondriac.

POLITICAL.

STEAMBOAT ELECTIONS.

In every Presidential campaign, the Federal papers are continually filled with wonderful stories about votes taken on board steamboats, in rail-road cars, &c., invariably resulting in a large majority for the federal candidate, and going to show that democracy has not a friend in the world.—The following from the recent admirable speech of Mr. Watkinson of Tennessee, made in the House of Representatives in reply to Mr. Bell, alludes to that matter with much truth and effect, and shows precisely how those matters are to be understood:

In glancing over a whig paper a short time since, my attention was arrested by an article headed in large capitals, "A voice from the South." From the flaming caption, I was induced to read it; and what should I learn but the astounding fact that a steamboat had arrived at the port of Mobile, and among the passengers, a vote had been taken for President the result of which was, twenty-nine for Harrison and nine for Van Buren! I began to think the democratic party were surely upset at last—that such facts could not be resisted; and I do not know but I should have entirely desponded, on my part and given up the contest, had it not been for a second thought which occurred to me. I recollected of travelling up the Mississippi river about two years ago, when it was believed Mr. Clay would be the candidate for the Presidency, a gentleman from Philadelphia with whom I had a partial acquaintance, proposed that we should hold an election and ascertain the preferences of those on board the boat as between Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren. I assented to the proposition, and we made the count. But lo! I was completely trumped, on finding that out of near one hundred cabin passengers, there were but twenty three or four for Van Buren! As a matter of course I became satisfied that Democracy had but few charms for that crowd, and was just studying how I should parry the laugh, if I may be permitted to use the expression, which had been raised at my expense, when the captain of the boat, who proved to be a sterling democrat, dyed in the wool, suggested that there were about one hundred and thirty "deck passengers" that we had not yet taken in the count, the great majority of whom were substantial farmers, the honest "log cabin" men from Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, who had been down to New Orleans with their pork and beef and corn and flour. Go, said he, and see whether they are whigs or democrats! We did go, sir, and what do you suppose was the result of our investigation? As well as I can recollect, there was one hundred and three for Van Buren, and fourteen for Mr. Clay.

It is needless for me to add, that the laugh was most essentially turned upon my Philadelphia friend, who declared he had just found out where the Democrats come from at the time of elections, (the log cabin) and that he never again would be deceived by those who travel in the cabin on steamboats, in stages or rail-roads; or those who reside in cities, and towns and villages! Sir, he was right. Democracy flourishes best in the country, where I hesitate not to say, there is more honesty, more manly independence, and more substantial intelligence, than can be found in any of our towns, not excepting the city of Washington, if we are to judge its population by those who compose the Whig "row rows" not long since, and who disturbed our slumbers by their groans and hisses, and huzzas and bacchanalian shouts. In that living, moving mass, boys, negroes, loafers, and a new species of the same animal, familiarly known in the city of New York as soap locks; look the lead, and the rear was brought up by dismissed office-holders, moustached, Terriers, performed exquisites, and here and there, a gentleman from both political parties, who had been drawn out by curiosity to witness their uproarious proceedings.—Sir, I would advise them to reserve their groans for a more appropriate occasion.—If they will only wait until next autumn, they will have cause to groan much more bitterly—provided such an effect can be produced by the triumph of Democracy.—When the vote comes to be taken among the log cabins of the hardy West and the East, of the North and the South, these midnight whig brawlers will learn that the District of Columbia is but a small spot in the Union, and that if even they were entitled to vote in the election of a President, they could scarcely ripple the current on which the republican party are now sailing to victory. The principles of the General under whose banner they have enlisted, are not congenial to the spirit of our free institutions. They may hold him up as the "log cabin and hard cider" candidate; they may resort to tricks usually practiced by demagogues—still it will not do; The people know their rights, and will maintain them, no matter whether they live in log cabins or more comfortable dwellings; no matter whether they drink hard cider, pale cherry or pure water.

From the Pennsylvania.

THE OBJECT REVEALED.

In a conversation held on the comparative merits of the two presidential candidates a short time since, with several gentlemen of the Harrison party, the following frank declaration was elicited:

The whig gentlemen readily admitted the total unfitness of their candidate for the high station he had been nominated for,

'We would not, they earnestly replied, elect General Harrison had we the power so to do, over Mr. Van Buren, as we know him to be totally unqualified for the station. But our object is to consolidate and keep together the whole whig party for the contest of 1844, when all the candidates will be new and untried men, and among conflicting and sectional interests, personal predilections and preferences, we will then stand a fair chance of succeeding; but now we are free to acknowledge, that we neither expect or desire the success of General Harrison.'

This confirms the belief we always entertained, that the friends of Mr. Clay, despairing of his success at this time against Mr. Van Buren, whose administration has been too brilliant and successful for them to indulge even the hope of defeating his re-election by the people, have agreed to defer his chance till 1844, and that the old General was put in nomination for the purpose above mentioned, to keep the opposition together until it is deemed politic to bring their great captain into the field.

Why can carpenters never be trusted as security for one another!—Because they are always cutting their stick.